

# Good Morning

464

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

# MEDICINE SOCCER

Famous International referee Tom Bentley tells you how Managers planned this best of Wartime seasons

THE kick-off of the new soccer season in August marked the beginning of the brightest football winter since the war began.

When peace ended, football nearly went out. Many of the best players went off to war, and the soccer fans had a Saturday afternoon shift in the munition factories.

But slowly, year by year, the football world is recovering from its once grave illness.

X X X

LAST season the club managers rubbed their hands and smiled knowingly, as they saw more pushing and jostling at their gates than they'd noticed since the war clouds burst. And when the season came to an end the statistics proved beyond all doubt that more spectators had attended matches than any other season of the war.

So encouraged by this, the football kings became "men of medicine"—doctors, not of degree, but of determination. They began to prescribe medicines for the failing health of their game and their clubs.

Their work was silent. But now I can reveal the preparations they made during the close season of this summer—to make the present season the most triumphant since the days of peace.

They began to build up their teams with the best talent they could find. The fact that star players, who had played for them while on leave from the Forces, were driving the Hun out of Normandy was an added spur to their endeavours.

And as they strengthened their teams their goal was the keenest competitive football of wartime—for this very season, boys.

No, sir—the football fields, though silent as the grave during summer sunshine, were not lying fallow any more.

Behind their deserted grass, in the club-houses and the big city hotels, the Football League Management Committee was meeting, too. The Committeemen had sensed also the vague spirit of recovery in their beloved game.

Then, at one of their meetings, the Management Committee realised—and decided, too—that if war ended to-morrow they could resume league football on the spot. And one important decision they made was that if it is necessary they will alter some of their standing rules to help the lame clubs over the stile.

All this, of course, doesn't mean that it won't take a full season after the war for the clubs to get their heads right

up again into the white clouds of peacetime. For some clubs have as many as 30 professional players in the Forces now.

They may have discovered youthful wonders in the make-do atmosphere of war. But brilliant youth lacks the voice of experience, and the old hands are badly missed.

All the same, the sunshine of success is to shine more warmly on the present season than any other season of the war.

Yet another decision has been clinched around the meeting table of the Football League Management Committee—to play one half of the season for ordinary league matches and the second half with the Football League North Cup, while the South of England clubs should run as last season with a South League and a cup, as they do in the North.

The clubs near which fortune placed military camps will once again have a better choice of players than the teams far away from garrison towns, for it's surprising how many of these camps hide within their four walls some of the star players of peacetime.

Another feature that is going to add further brilliance to the technicolour of the new season is that each player will get £2 10s. per match this time, as well as his expenses. This means that their pay has been raised by 10s. per match for the coming season.

If that doesn't put more pep into the players than before, well—the football prophets can pack their bags and take a one-way ticket for the nearest desert island! The boys' pay went up to 40s. last year, and up goes the scale again.

The frowns of yesterday have become smiles for other reasons, too.

For all the clubs which were playing last season made a profit—even after they'd written off the depreciation of ground and stands and general wartime difficulties.

Maybe you boys don't know



that the clubs have a new fund, born of wartime effort, which we might well call the Pool of Brotherhood.

Every club, no matter what its size or standing, has to pay some money to the pool—a fixed percentage of the money they draw from the gates—and the Football League holds the stakes. This means that a club which doesn't get many spectators shares at the end of the season to the same extent as the clubs that have been blessed with good gates.

The bigger the gates, the more goes to the pool, and each club in the Football League got £410 from it last year.

This useful figure, of course, was reached because more people watched soccer last season than ever since war came.

It means, therefore, that each club will start the new season with more money than they ever dreamed of in these last few years. And armed with this, what a splash they'll make when they take the plunge into the new soccer season!

Think what this means. Clubs which actually lost money in peacetime—and particularly Third Division clubs—are now showing a profit.

And last season was such a good one that clubs which have not played during wartime have made application to play in the league and cup matches during the coming season.

Spurred on by the successes they saw all around them—the successes of the clubs which have struggled on during the war years—the teams which closed "for the duration" want to take the field again.

Four applications, made by clubs whose names should strike a bell in your memory, have been successful. In the fixtures for next season there appear now the names of Preston North End, Accrington Stanley, Port Vale and Hull City.

They have seen the progress made, the good football served up, and the promising play of the youth discoveries of wartime. They want a basinful, too. Already the fixtures have been sent out to the clubs—for comment before publication.

But one team which made application for a come-back, Carlisle United, of the Third Division North, has been refused, and they're pretty sore about it. For they are one of the teams which did carry on

during the first season of the war. Yet others who have not played at all during wartime, they complain bitterly, have been accepted for the new season.

And what's happening to some of the well-known football personalities while all this is going on?

Jack Dodds, the Scottish International centre-forward, is expected to play for Tottenham Hotspur, while Ronnie Dix, an English International, takes the field for Wrexham.

Johnston and Kinsell, inside-left and left full-back respectively, of Blackpool, play for other clubs this year. They were Servicemen stationed at Blackpool, but they have been moved.

And you lads who follow Arsenal will hardly know your own team. Nearly all the old faces have gone, for the Forces have transplanted them, too. I'm thinking Manager Geo. Allison will have a few headaches building up a team to the Arsenal standard for the coming season.

The idol of Highbury, London—Eddie Hapgood—who has represented England in so many international matches, accepted the job of manager to the Blackburn Rovers Club. He begins his duties the moment war ends—at a salary which, rumour has it, is very high indeed. So Bob Crompton, Blackburn Rovers' manager, ertwhile international full-back, is to be succeeded by another player of international fame.

Major Buckley, Wolverhampton manager, changes place, too. He goes to take the wheel at Notts County—as one of the highest-paid managers in football.

And Ted Vizard, the Queen's Park Rangers' manager, has gone to take control of Wolverhampton Wanderers.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## Home Town News

GREATEST holiday-at-home game in Wales this summer has been the "Beer in Stakes." Never before have the sons of Gwalia been so thirsty.

Blimey, tongues have been dropping out in many of the mining valleys, where every evening there has been a hunt for the open pub.

But the palm for the best trick went to North Glamorgan. Plans were well and truly laid. Every evening a number of men would set out from the village, each carrying a homing pigeon. As soon as a pub with open doors was located, a note was tied to the bird and it flew back home to the waiting lads with the news that there was "Balm in Gilead"!

### NO KITTEN ON KEYS.

DO you remember Anne Boleyn, who—as Stanley Holloway, in one of his star monologues reminded us—walked the Blooody Towner? Well, we've found a link between Anne and Wales.

In the house of her father in St. Helen's, London, there was born 100 years ago Mrs. Alice Rowland Brown, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Rolfe, wine merchant, in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

She is a grand old lady. On her 100th birthday, in August, she played the piano, and takes great joy in discussing the war news and current politics.

Her guess is that the war will be over in October.

Perhaps she has had a hunch from the past, because as a little girl she was taken to see the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington. To-day, Mrs. Brown lives at Tregoyd House, Breconshire.

### AFTER HIM!

FIGHTING in France is a well-known South Wales infantry battalion. It has taken up a battle cry.

It is "ARIELA," which is a corruption of the old Welsh shepherd's cry to his dog, "Ar-el-ol-el" ("After him").

It is a soft and musical cry in the mouth of "Shep," and as a battle cry can be used in a wild and stirring manner by Welsh lads out for the kill.

### BATTLE SONGS.

WELSHMEN can't stop singing. It's in the blood.

News is trickling home about the national airs to be heard even in the din of battle. Lads writing home about the early battles around Caen say that one outstanding memory was the rain.

They were dug-in around Demouville and it simply teemed down. During a lull in the shelling, writes Capt. Justin Howe, of Richmond Road, Cardiff, he heard the real Welsh version of "Comrades in Arms" waiting across the battlefield. Shelled and mortared as they were, the songsters kept on.

And even further afield are going the songs of Wales. Major E. Jenkin Jones, of Aberystwyth, in a last letter home, wrote that one evening at Shillong he was surprised to hear a native choir singing heartily in Welsh "Calon Lan" to the patients in a hospital there.

On inquiry, he learnt that the choir had been trained by the local schoolmaster, a native of Cardiff.

### "ON'YONS . VER . CHEEP."

SOON Welsh seaports may again hear the doorstep call of the Breton onion seller, "On'yons, ver cheep." And, as usual, the thrifty Welsh housewife will probably get a nice string knocked down for 10d. "and a penny for myself," as Johnny Onions is wont to exclaim.

But Johnny would find onions a bit of a drug just now. So great has been the harvest that "Onion Weeks" are in progress. Cardiff's target is four tons, grown by allotment holders. They are to be sold for the Red Cross.

Newport is having a three-day onion drive with a two-ton target.

## Daisies for your hat O.S. Clifford Pape

IF any argument begins on each stuck one in your hat, and board your craft about some not content with that, went to women's hats being like flower town and bought a large feather gardens, O.S. Clifford B. Pape, to go with it.

Don't you dare criticise the lady's hats after THAT!

Franklin, John and Harry are all very well, Mother is fine—very busy doing a summer equivalent of spring cleaning—and Dad is much improved.

That suit that was ordered three months ago arrived the day after you went back off your last leave, but it has not been sent on yet, because they do not know just where you are.

All at home send their fondest love and hope to see you soon.





# "Cut her in Two!" cried her Husband

COMMANDER of the Faithful, says Amine, to avoid repeating what your majesty has already heard by my sister's story, I shall only add, that after my mother had taken a house for herself to live in during her widowhood, she gave me in marriage, with the portion my father left me, to a gentleman that had one of the best estates in this city.

I had scarce been a year married when I became a widow, and was left in possession of all my husband's estate, which amounted to ninety thousand sequins.

One day a servant came and told me that a lady desired to speak to me. I ordered the lady to enter: she was a person well stricken in years.

She saluted me by kissing the ground, and said, kneeling, Dear lady, I must acquaint you that I have a daughter, an orphan, who is to be married this day: she and I are both strangers, and have no acquaintance at all in this town; therefore, most beautiful lady, if you would vouchsafe to honour the wedding with your presence we shall be infinitely obliged to you.

They brought me to a large hall, where I was received by a young lady of admirable beauty.

Madam, said she, you are brought hither to assist at a wedding; but I hope this marriage will prove otherwise than what you expected. I have a brother, one of the handsomest men in the world: he has fallen so much in love with the fame of your beauty that his fate depends wholly upon you: and he will be the unhappiest of men if you do not take pity on him. If my prayers, madam, can prevail, I shall join them with his, and humbly beg you will not refuse the offer of being his wife.

After the death of my husband I had no thought of marrying again; but I had no power to refuse the offer made by so charming a lady. As soon as I had given consent by silence, accompanied with a blush, the young lady clapped her hands, and immediately a closet-door opened out of which came a young man of a majestic air, and such graceful behaviour, that I thought myself happy to have made so great a conquest.

After we had been married a month I had occasion for some stuffs: I asked my husband's leave to go out and buy them, which he granted; and I took that old

## The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



woman along with me, of whom I spoke before, and two of my own female slaves.

When we came to the street where the merchants dwell, the old woman said, Dear mistress, since you want silk stuff, I must carry you to a young merchant of my acquaintance: he has all sorts, and it will prevent you wearying yourself by going from one shop to another.

The merchant showed me several stuffs, of which one pleased me better than the rest; I bade her ask the price. He answered the old woman, I will not sell it for gold or money, but I will make her a present of it, if she will give me leave to kiss her cheek.

The old woman and my slaves stood up that nobody should see it, and I put up my veil; but instead of a kiss, the merchant bit me till the blood came.

The pain and surprise was so great that I fell down in a swoon, and continued in it so long that the merchant had time to shut his shop, and fly for it.

When I came to myself I found my cheek all bloody; the old woman and my slaves took care to cover it with my veil, that the people that came about as could not perceive it, but supposed it to be only a fainting fit.

My husband came to me at night, and, seeing my head bound up, asked the reason. I told him I had the headache, and hoped he would inquire no farther; but he took a candle, and saw my cheek was hurt.

My husband lost all patience. Oh! cries he, I have given ear to your lies too long.

With that, clapping his hands, in came three slaves: Pull her out of bed, said he, and lay her in the middle of the floor. The slaves obeyed his orders, one holding me by the head, another by the feet.

He commanded the third to fetch him a scimitar; and when he had brought it, Strike, said he, cut her in two in the middle, and then throw her into the Tigris to feed the fishes.

The old woman, that had been his nurse, came in just at that moment, fell down upon her knees, and endeavoured to appease his wrath.

Well, then, says he to his nurse, for your sake I will spare her life; but she shall carry some marks along with her, to make her remember her crime. With that, one of the slaves, by his orders, gave me so many blows, as hard as he could strike with a little cane, upon my side and breast, that he fetched both skin and flesh away, so that I lay senseless. After that he caused the same slaves, the executioners of his fury, to carry me into a house, where the old woman took care of me. I kept my bed four months: at last I recovered; but

The caliph sent for the two bitches from Zobeide's house; and when they came, a glass of water was brought to the fairy: she pronounced some words over it, which nobody understood; then, throwing some part of it upon Amine, and the rest upon the bitches, the latter became two ladies of surprising beauty, and the scars that were upon Amine vanished away.

After which the fairy said to the caliph, Commander of the Faithful, I must now discover to you the unknown husband you inquire after: he is very nearly related to yourself; for it is prince Amin, your eldest son, who, falling passionately in love with this lady, he, by an intrigue, got her brought to his house, where he married her. And at these words she saluted the caliph and vanished.

The caliph, being filled with admiration, did such things as will perpetuate his memory to all ages. First, he sent for his son Amin, and told him that he was informed of his secret marriage, and how he had wounded Amine upon a very slight cause.

Upon this, the prince did not wait for his father's commands, but received her again immediately.

After which the caliph declared that he would give his own heart and hand to Zobeide, and offered the other three sisters to the calenders that were king's sons, who accepted them for their brides with a great deal of joy.

## WANGLING WORDS—403

1. Put a girl's name in MIUM and get a metal.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make four English poets: LELEYSH, YONSNET, GRINNWOB, LOTNEM.
3. In the following four flowers the same numbers stand for the same letters throughout; what are they? 36R264572, 8UP52, 9788Y9731, S4731.
4. Find the two hidden film stars in: If you want to live rather well, you must co-operate with your neighbours.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 402

1. DrinkS.
2. WASHINGTON (U.S.A.), AMSTERDAM (Holland), RANGOON (Burma), CANBERRA (Australia).
3. Carriage, Train, Bicycle, Omnibus, Tram.
4. Ced-ar, El-der.

## QUIZ for today

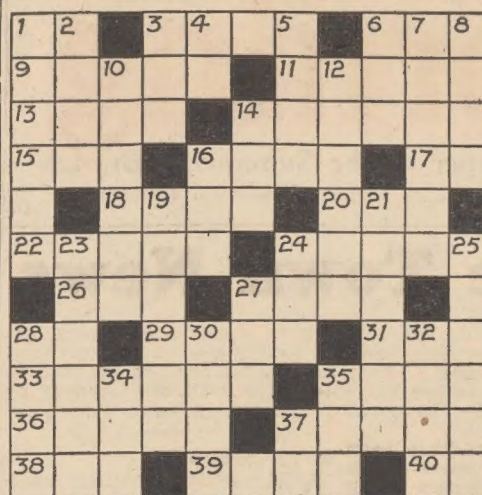
1. Nu is an animal, bone in the leg, Greek letter, drink, bird, Chinese dynasty?
2. If you were given a drink of shrub, what would you expect it to contain?
3. Honeysuckle belongs to the same family as the—nettle, foxglove, elder, lily, nasturtium?
4. In what sport do you score a "gold"?
5. Where is the Atacama Desert?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Salvage, Privilege, Spinage, Sausage, Stoppage, Carriage.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 463

1. New coin.
2. Hedge-sparrow.
3. Dice.
4. 140.
5. South Africa.
6. Borage, Tonnage, College.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Concerning. 3 Axe. 6 Lie.



- 9 Leaf of paper.  
11 Ring up.  
13 Of.  
14 Narrow inlets.  
15 Perched.  
16 Travelling engine.  
17 Pronoun.  
18 Wild goat.  
20 Add.  
22 Fish.  
24 Repulse.  
26 Terminus.  
27 Deer.  
28 Time of day.  
29 Win.  
31 Cold.  
33 Boy's name.  
35 Calibre.  
36 Oval.  
37 Lesser.  
38 Surrey river.  
39 Sharp.  
40 Afterthought.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Counter-balance. 2 Girl's name. 3 Object. 4 Accomplish. 5 Poem. 6 As. 7 Put into words. 8 Finest. 10 Medical wash. 12 Steam-whistle. 14 Act craftily. 16 Permit. 19 Financial estimate. 21 Choice. 23 Take off. 24 Flowed. 25 Strata. 27 Success. 28 Front of boat. 30 Region. 32 Clip. 34 Reddish-brown. 35 Command. 37 Note of scale.

B FLOW PEKE  
AGAIN ARRAY  
ROCKET AGUE  
RATE WIN R  
ADO BISCUIT  
C ROOTLET H  
KEYNOTE OBE  
B IRE SPAR  
DODO RECITE  
ANENT ROAST  
EYES HEWN O

The caliph assigned each of them a magnificent palace in the city of Bagdad, promoted them to the highest dignities of his empire, and admitted them to his councils.

Haroun Alraschid, by making the fortunes of so many persons that had undergone such incredible calamities, drew a thousand blessings upon himself.

(To be continued)

For when the One Great Scorer comes  
To write against your name,  
He marks—not that you won  
or lost,  
But how you played the game.  
Grantland Rice.

Solution to Busman's Holiday in No. 463.  
Terminus Road (whole length) and Grove Street. There is no shorter cut.



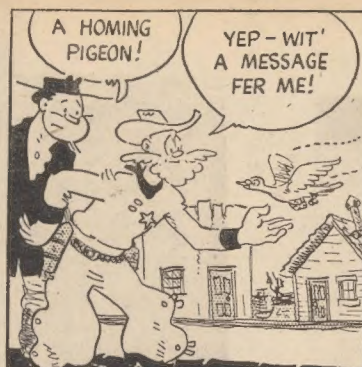
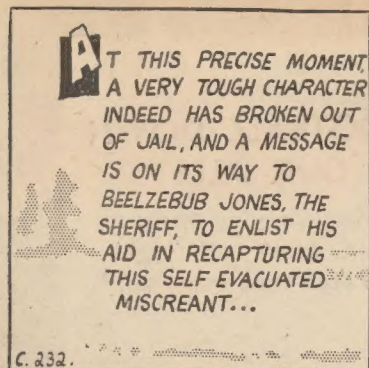
"Oh! Sorry to keep you waiting—I thought it was my husband."

## JANE





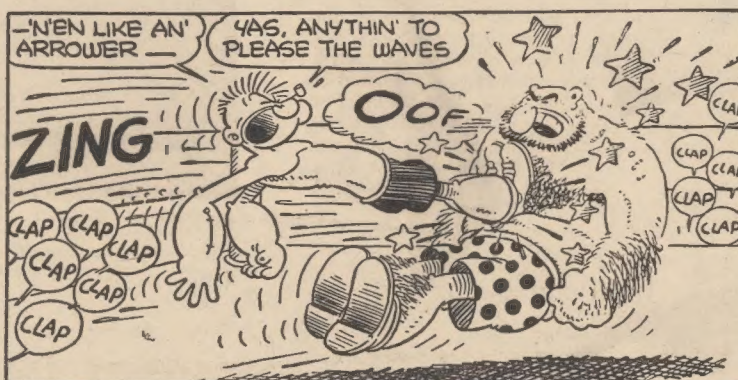
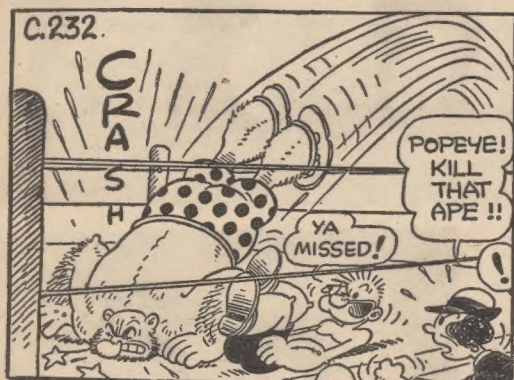
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



DURING a debate on the future of Port Vale, Third Division football club, Stoke-on-Trent (Staffs) City Council were told by Alderman J. H. Dale: "If this club dies we shall have to answer to the boys when they come back from the war."

He was appealing to the council to grant the club permission to use their former ground three hours a week so that they could retain League membership.

Future of the club has been in doubt since the council acquired an option on the ground. Half the council want to turn it into a shopping centre and the remainder into a youth playground.

Council members have been deluged with letters from Servicemen overseas, asking that Port Vale be given a chance to continue in the game.

The council referred the matter to the Reconstruction Committee.

"Cut out the sob stuff about the boys at the front," said Councillor H. Pemberton.

GUY ALDRED, political figure and editor, is a public-spirited Glasgow citizen who holds the welfare of his fellow-man very dear.

When he heard that anatomy research was being hindered by a dearth of bodies, he immediately offered his own to the Medical School of Glasgow University.

Professor D. M. Blair, Professor of Anatomy at the University, replied: "The offer is very welcome, but the trouble is that no one can legally bequeath his body for any purpose; he can only express an intention, which his executor or next-of-kin may eventually set aside."

A sheaf of forms came from the Government's inspector of anatomy. They told Mr. Aldred that "a hearse with a shell for the removal of the body will be sent on the date mentioned by the executor."

THEY explained that "burial is conducted by a clergyman of the faith which the deceased professed during life."

"This," agrees Mr. Aldred, "is fine."

But he disagrees that anyone else should have a say in the disposal of his body.

Mr. Aldred is a determined man. Anyone else might have accepted the conditions laid down in the forms from the inspector of anatomy. But after going to so much trouble to give his body to science, Mr. Aldred is not going to be foiled—even after he dies.

"I've drafted a legal document and sent it to Professor Blair. It makes the Medical School my executor for that part of my will which bequeathes my body."

That, as Mr. Aldred maintains, should fix it.

THE psychologist ridiculed the idea that left-handed people are in any way inferior to others.

"Judging by the cave drawings of primitive man—he drew his animals facing to the left, whereas a right-handed man draws them facing right—we were nearly all left-handed originally," he said.

"Then, with the invention of tools, man tended to use the right hand, presumably because the centre of gravity of the body is slightly on the right side."

About five in every 100 people in this country are left-handed. Among them is the King.

Greta Garbo is also left-handed, and so are Judy Garland, Charlie Chaplin, Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray.

And I thought I was different!

SINCE Ivy Benson and her All Girls' Band issued a challenge to women cricket teams, challenges have come from almost all the women's serving Forces. Latest to throw down the gauntlet is a team of Wrens.

The Wrens state that if the challenge is accepted and Ivy's girls are beaten, they will exercise the right of having Ivy listen to their own dance band!

Ron Richards



**Good Morning**



Jinx Falkenburg, lovely Columbia star, seems to be asking: "Have you ever seen a dream swimming?"



## FOOTBALL DOWN OUR ALLEY

"Oh, they're pally in our alley all right Watch that man, ref."



"So that's a mouse. Well, I never did. And I do hear tell that some low-life cats actually eat them!"

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Did somebody call me a low-life cat?"



## This England

Deep in the heart of the Cotswolds. Chipping Campden has stood unchanged for 300 years. Here are the Almshouses built, as you'd expect, in Cotswold stone.